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A Harvest Canticle.

(By Theron Brown, in 'The Independent.')

What is bounty but love in the giver,
That waits for no plea to bestow,
The evergreen boon of the river
To the fields that are blessed by its flow?
Does the light when the morning uncloses,
Count the leagues of its flight on the plain?
Does the sky call the roll of the roses
That hold up their lips for its rain?

God is never at loss with his plenty,
And Nature, his handmaid, no more
Ripens sweets for the feast of the dainty
Than bread for the fare of the poor.
'Tis a loan with no burden thereafter,
'Tis a grace never measured nor weighed;
If the banquet turns weeping to laughter
The debt of the eater is paid.

O Goodness so grand in its doing!
Are there gluttons who starve at its board;
Craven souls, whose insatiable suing
Has poisoned the comforts they hoard,
Who, insane with the joy of receiving,
Are glad for no sake but their own,
Who are deaf to the song of Thanksgiving
And tongueless to utter its tone?

Give us want, give us nothingness rather
Than this; better never be born
Than to harvest the fields of our Father
And leave him unthanked for the corn.
The just will pay measure for measure
And the selfish give love for a fee;
But they squander an infinite treasure
Who sin against love that is free.

A Story of Two Thanksgiving Days.

(By Sarah L. Tenney, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'This, then, is your final decision?' 'This is my decision, Harvey, and it is final,' was the unfaltering reply, but the sweet lips that uttered it grew white with anguish, and the beautiful gray eyes were blinded with tears.

They were standing together, these two, Harvey Bertram and his affianced bride, in the drawing room of the latter's beautiful home. Evidently some serious point was at issue, for the young man was pale with anger, and the young girl, though calm in outward appearance, showed plainly the effort it cost her to restrain her emotion. In the brief silence that followed her emphatic words, she drew from her finger the sparkling diamond, the seal of her betrothal, and placed it in Harvey's hand. But the young man, with an exclamation of wrath and disappointment, threw it far from him, saying bitterly, 'You have destroyed all my faith in womankind, fool that I was ever to believe in you! Whatever I may become in the future, you may charge all to yourself, for you might have saved me had your love been a reality instead of a mocking pretence.' Leaving her no opportunity for reply, he strode angrily from the room and left the house.

Mabel listened almost with suspended breath to the echo of his retreating footsteps until they were no longer audible, then sitting down by the large centre table, she bowed her head upon it, and broke forth in unrestrained sobs.

The door softly opened and a tall, stately-looking lady entered. One glance at the grief-stricken form before her, and she hurriedly gathered the weeping girl into her arms and tenderly sought to comfort her.

'Oh, mamma, mamma,' she cried between her sobs, 'I have followed your counsel, but it has broken my heart.'

'Better so, my precious child, than that your whole life should be made miserable. If Harvey truly loves you, you will yet live to bless this hour that has brought you so much suffering. But if he prefers his cups to my own darling daughter, who would be a blessing in any man's life, better a thousand times, Mabel, the sharp anguish of this hour, than a lifetime of untold wretchedness—the unspeakable woe of the drunkard's wife!' Tenderly she sought to soothe her and with mother love calm the sorrowing girl.

When the engagement of Harvey Bertram and Mabel Underwood was first announced, society cordially approved, and even Dame Grundy, for a wonder, had no objection to offer. It was pronounced in every way a most suitable match. Both were of excellent family, and fine personal appearance, both had wealth and commanding position in society. Both were loved and admired by their numerous friends, and both were very much in love with each other, which seemed to stamp the final seal upon the proposed compact. For a year or more the course of their love had run very smoothly, when suddenly appeared the cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, which gradually was to increase in size till it should darken the whole horizon for one of them at least, and totally obscure the brightness that had flooded her life.

It was only lately that Mabel had noticed with growing uneasiness her lover's fondness for wine in the social parties to which they were often bidden.

Herself a total abstainer and a firm advocate of temperance, she would never have set anything of the kind before any young man, or have encouraged it by her example; much less him whom she had honored with her fresh, young love. The first time she had ever noticed the taint of liquor in his breath, it was at her own home. She was surprised and spoke her surprise, but Harvey had apologized, assuring her that the doctor's prescription for a severe cold was the cause of it.

Having perfect confidence in his word, her fears were allayed for the time being, but as after a brief interval the same thing occurred again, and yet again, she grew troubled at heart and pleaded earnestly with Harvey to break off the pernicious habit. But he would laugh and call her 'little Puritan' and kiss away her fears. Only a night or two before the scene with which our story opens, he had indulged so freely in wine at a very fashionable entertainment, that he was in no condition to escort Mabel at its close, but had instead to be helped into the carriage which conveyed them home—the one in a state of maudlin excitement, the other, grieved and indignant, yet almost broken-hearted at the threatened wreck of all her fond hopes. It was then that Mabel, counselled by the wisest and best of mothers, determined to take a decided stand, and compel her lover to choose without delay. The next evening, when Harvey came to see her, sober and full of apology, she carried her resolution into effect. Harvey indignantly protested at her position, assuring her there was no danger, and he would 'never sacrifice his liberty to a woman's foolish whims.'

'Then all is over between us, Harvey,' said the young girl firmly but sadly, and naught could shake her resolution.

The day after the rupture of their engagement was Thanksgiving Day, and well was it for Mabel that duties which could not be ignored claimed her attention or she would have broken down utterly in her secret anguish. She was a beautiful singer and for years had been the leading soprano at St. Paul's Church. But as the grand 'Jubilate Deo' rang through the spacious temple the next morning in the Thanksgiving service, it seemed to Mabel that her heart must break even with hallelujahs on her lips.

'How can I sing the Lord's song in a strange land,' she moaned within herself—for to her it was indeed a strange land of sorrow and suffering, this unaccustomed land into which she had been called so unexpectedly. That very week she saw the name of Harvey Bertram in the list of passengers on an outward bound steamer, and she then fully realized that her beautiful dream of love was over.

A year passed by. To Mabel, it dragged its slow length along wearily, albeit she occupied her time conscientiously in domestic and social duties. Never a word all the long while had she heard of her former lover, nor did she know even if he were alive. Many suitors crowded around her eagerly pressing their claims, but she remained constant and loyal to her first and only love. She could neither forget nor cease to love, unworthy as he had proved of her devotion.

Harvey himself, meanwhile, had journeyed hither and yon, hurrying restlessly from one end of the continent to the other—now in gay Parisian salons, now amid the snow-clad mountains of the North, yet again in sunny Italy, striving ever to forget beneath her smiling skies and amid her dark-eyed, beautiful women, the one sweet face which never for one moment left his memory. He had loved a true woman, and a true woman had loved him, and with that fine subtle essence, as inexplicable as it is indestructible, this true love was constantly though unconsciously drawing him ever toward the worthy object of his affection and away from the hindering evil that had separated them.

One day, as he was in the act of lifting a glass of wine to his lips, a sudden vision of her in all her loveliness, and in the sweet sadness of their parting hour, came before him. It was more than he could bear. Instantly all the latent manhood within him sprung into full being. Swift as a flash of lightning he beheld his own danger and the priceless worth of his beloved. "I have been a fool and worse,' he exclaimed, dashing the untasted cup to the ground. 'If I am not too late to retrieve the past she shall yet be mine. God helping me, I will break these chains.' And God answered the earnest entreaty.

It was again Thanksgiving morning, and again as of yore, Mabel was to sing in the opening anthem at St. Paul's. Just as she was leaving her home for the church a messenger handed her a letter which was marked 'Special Delivery.' Recognizing the familiar handwriting, every drop of blood left her face, and her heart beat almost to suffocation. Opening the letter with trembling hand, this is what she read:

'Dearest, you were wholly right and I was altogether wrong. Forgive me if you can, and take me back into your true, loving heart again. Never shall you have cause to repent it. As you see from the date of my letter, I arrived in New York yesterday, and am hastening to you on the wings of love. To-morrow (Thanksgiving Day) I will dine with you at two o'clock, God willing. Your own, repentant Harvey.'

Ah, gloriously rang forth the choral through the vast auditorium on that glad Thanksgiving morning! Not a few beheld with wonder and admiration the almost glorified face of the leading soprano, as above the rocking, jubilant tones of the organ, far above the mighty chorus rose that voice of marvellous power and sweetness, 'Oh, give thanks unto the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

The Missionaries' Departure.

'He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me, is not worthy of Me. And he that taketh not his cross, daily, and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me.' We witnessed an illustration of the meaning of the text, not long since, when, at the railway station of a pretty Ontario village, a Canadian, doctor-missionary, with his wife and bright little girl, parted from the home associations and friends, with their faces set China-wards, to re-enter on the Master's work, in that far land from which they had been driven, not many months before, by Boxer fanaticism.

The ageing parents were both present, to give the parting hand-clasp, and get the last glimpse of the departing ones, but, as we looked at the two subdued faces, there seemed in them nothing likely to betray to the casual onlooker, the heavy heart tension that lay behind the outward quiet.

True, the mother stood with firmly-set mouth, and tearless eye, and the father was perhaps paler than usual, while the out-going son and daughter-in-law were almost cheerful. Such was the outward appearance, the Master alone, knows the heart throbs.

After it was over, the father was heard to remark to the effect, that 'It was probably the last time they would meet here.' It may be the absent ones are destined for the martyrs' death and the martyrs' crown, and that the next home-coming will be where they meet in the Eternal Home, with earth's farewells forever past.

However, they have counted the cost, and who will say which has surrendered most, the parents who give thus, of their best to Christ, or those who go from them to battle for him against foes, seen and unseen.' It is the ever-present, personal, Saviour, who leads the way for his followers, and the love for this divine leader, prompts the upgiving of the human heart's most closely held treasures, but lo! by this very upgiving come returns a hundred fold. 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN PROVERBS.

Nov. 24, Sun.—There is that scattereth and yet increaseth: and there is that withholdeth more than is meet but it tendeth to poverty.

Nov. 25, Mon.—He that trusteth in his riches shall fall.

Nov. 26, Tues.—He that winneth souls is wise.

Nov. 27, Wed.—He that hateth reproof is brutish.

Nov. 28, Thur.—The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

Nov. 29, Fri.—The lip of truth shall be established forever.

Nov. 30, Sat.—Lying lips are abomination to the Lord.

BOYS AND GIRLS

One Thanksgiving.

('Child's Paper.')

It was Tuesday morning, and Huldah stood in the doorway speaking to Amy about some household matters. She started to go out to the kitchen, then turned again and said hesitatingly.

'You know day after to-morrow is Thanksgiving, Miss Amy. You'll want to be giving orders for a special dinner, won't you?'

Amy's face clouded at once.

'No, Huldah,' she said in a constrained tone, 'we shall not make that day different from the rest. I don't see how you can think that we would.'

Huldah walked away without a word, but the energetic way in which she clattered dishes, and the thumps with which later she brought down the flat-irons on the ironing-board, showed that she was very much disturbed in her mind.

As for Amy, there was a rush of tears to her eyes, and she went on about her morning duties in a self-pitying frame of mind. But she was destined to be disturbed again, and this time even more effectively. During the forenoon Mrs. Dean came in on some little errand and chatted a while about unimportant things, but evidently she was waiting for an opportunity to say something special, which Amy gave to her when she drew a hassock to her side, and looking up into her face said,

'It is so good to see you! Why, it seems as though, when you came in, the room fairly filled with sunshine and before it seemed so dull and cheerless.'

'Is it just as hard as ever?' was the sympathetic inquiry while a caressing hand was laid on Amy's restless one.

'Yes, just as hard. I can't see that I miss mamma a bit less as the months go by. It all looks dark ahead. There is n't anything to live for.'

Mrs. Dean was silent for a little, and she was breathing a prayer that she might say just 'the word in season' to this motherless girl.

'Where are the children?' she asked presently.

'Alice and Harry are at school, and Birdie is taking her nap. I fairly dread to have the children come home from school, for I know they feel the gloom of the house, and it makes them unhappy.'

'And your father?'

'Oh, papa!' and the girl's face fell into even sadder lines; 'he seems altogether changed. He does not take any interest in anything except his business, and he often stays down town till late in the evening working over his law cases, telephoning to me that he is busy and won't be home to dinner.'

'Is there very much to induce him to come home?' and there was a tone in Mrs. Dean's voice that made Amy look up in surprise.

'What do you mean?' she asked in troubled tones.

'Just this, Amy, dear: that I think you have been blind. You are letting precious opportunities slip away from you unnoticed. I have been noticing some things lately, and I am going to speak plainly to you, little girl. Have you made home so cheerful that your father is glad to turn to it? Does he find here anything to lighten his cares and comfort his heart, or do you bring all your own burdens and put on top of his? Do you make the home cheerful for his coming? Do you plan pleasant meals? Do you think of interesting things to talk about? Do you care for the children so that they are attractive and sweet-tempered and a comfort to him rather than an annoyance?'

Mrs. Dean stopped suddenly, and Amy sat perfectly still for several minutes. Then she gave a little sob and exclaimed, 'No! no! I shall have to say no to all your questions! I haven't done anything for papa or the children or any one else. I have just thought of mamma and grieved for her, and —and—rebelled against God all the time! What can I do to mend matters?'

'Well, I think, Amy, the first change must be in your own self. Stop brooding. Forget yourself and think of others for a while. Then as to the house I should begin right in this room and go on to all the others. Open the blinds and loop back the curtains; flood it with sunshine; and at night have lights burning brightly; you have no idea how prison like your rooms have looked. Bring out all your dainty things that have been put away, and keep fresh flowers about. Just begin, my dear, and the way will open out.'

'I will! Would you keep Thanksgiving?'

'Yes, indeed, Amy: make it a day long to be remembered for its brightness.'

'I heard papa say that Judge Andrews, his old law partner, was to be in town this

WAITING FOR THE SOUND OF FATHER'S STEP.

week. I wonder if he would dine with us,' said Amy, thoughtfully.

'That would be just the thing; speak to your father about it to-night,' said Mrs. Dean, rising to go. 'Now, dear I'll leave you to work out your plans. Ask wisdom and strength from the strong One, and I know you will succeed; and let me help you whenever I can.'

Half an hour later Huldah was electrified by the appearance of a bright face in the kitchen, and a cheery voice said,

'Huldah, you were right about Thanksgiving. Of course we will keep it just as happily as we can. I know we have a great deal left to be thankful for and I mean to show it, not only that day, but every day, and you must help me, Huldah.'

By evening there had been a transformation in the Cranston home. A bright light streamed from 'mother's room' where a merry little group were waiting for the sound of father's step. Alice had been quick to notice the change of atmosphere, and Amy wisely told her some of her plans, and she was radiantly happy.

'We haven't been so "cumfy" since mamma went away,' she exclaimed, nestling down by Amy. 'Won't papa be glad!'

That was the beginning of better things for the Cranstons. Amy often found her office of mother, daughter, and general sunshine-maker a hard one to fill, and sometimes she felt discouraged enough to give up trying; but she was a genuine Christian and knew where to look for help and little by little the burden grew lighter. Certainly she has never regretted the awakening she had that Thanksgiving time, and the new order of things that was inaugurated then, and you would hardly recognize as the same the beautiful home over which she presides. People who make others happy are the happiest themselves.

A Perpetual Thanksgiving.

(By Harriet Prescott Spofford, in 'The Independent.')

It was certainly a dreary house, and never more so than when the autumn sun sent the shadows of the hills across it in the early afternoon, and cast a double gloom throughout the great solitary rooms and the long passages. The servants went and came noiselessly; no foot in it fell more loudly than the autumn leaves; and Mrs. Penn trailed her widow's gowns through its solitudes sometimes feeling as if she were buried alive, and with a listlessness that said she did not greatly care if she were.

On the outskirts of the village neighbors were few, and friends came rarely. There were almost no outside interests. Mrs. Penn read the books that came up from town, and sent the box back and had another, and did some endless embroideries. And every morning she opened her eyes with a dull sense of oppression and regret that the day was to do over again; and she always cried a little at twilight, and said to herself that her husband, who had been very much her senior and had indulged her with every desire of her heart, would have resented her loneliness and want of happiness.

The coming of the one daily mail meant but little to her, for her friends had their own interests and families; and, except in the midsummer, when the mountains were to be climbed, she had so little to offer them by way of entertainment that she had long ceased to ask them under her roof; her few letters were spasmodic and brief; and her sole regular correspondent was her husband's granddaughter by his first marriage, Eva Robson, who resided abroad with her babies, Mr. Robson having a small consulate and living much too luxuriously, as Mrs. Penn thought, on his wife's inheritance from her grandfather.

'No, Eliza,' said Mrs. Penn to the person who united in herself the functions of friend and lady's maid and housekeeper, and who had come in to see about engaging a certain monstrous bird for dinner six weeks off, the young girl, Sally Bowen, who had reared it, being then in the kitchen. 'No. What should I do with such an affair as that—an overgrown, unnatural, unhealthy fowl! I don't know why we should have a turkey at all, if it comes to that.'

'Because every one else does,' said Eliza, stoutly.

'We have turkeys often enough on other days,' said Mrs. Penn, still looking over her silks for the shade she wished.

'But Thanksgiving Day'—persisted Eliza.

'What is Thanksgiving Day to me?'

'Ma'am!'

'What is Thanksgiving Day to me? What have I to be thankful for?'

'Well, ma'am,' said Eliza, who was on the intimate footing given by having lived with Mrs. Penn since she was born, 'you're alive and you're well'—

'I don't consider that anything to be thankful for,' said Mrs. Penn. 'I'm not at all thankful to be alive—I'd rather be dead. And being alive, I've a right to be well!'

'I suppose Charity Bowen thinks she has a right to be well, too—bedridden for twenty years,' said Eliza, in whom the ways of the household and the habit of years had fostered an easy familiarity. 'And perhaps she would be better for the medicines if they could afford the difference between selling the turkey here and selling it to the middleman.'

'She can have all the medicine she wants, and you know it very well!'

'They're a proud and honest folk, Mrs. Penn.'

'Oh, for goodness' sake, Eliza, buy the turkey, if that's what you want. But you mustn't keep it for any supposititious Thanksgiving Day. You can have it to-morrow.'

'It won't be ready to-morrow. They don't expect to kill it till the last week in November.'

'Well, do as you please. If you're set upon eating turkey by way of expressing any annual pressure of thanks, why, eat it! Only don't expect me to do so. I'm not at all thankful for the privilege of living in a tomb'—

'It looks like a tomb,' said Eliza, gazing round the stately room, with its rich rugs, its old portraits, its china plaques, its glowing fire, its flowers in crystal vases, its books and silken cushions and deep chairs.

'No matter what it looks like; it is a tomb. And I am just as dead in it as if the bells had tolled for me.'

'You'll have to excuse me, ma'am; but if I talked that way you'd say I was tempting Providence'—

'To what?' demanded Mrs. Penn.

'For my part,' said the desperate Eliza, goaded by long series of similar outbursts, 'where the Lord puts me I expect he puts me for something.'

Mrs. Penn looked at her with almost a gleam of amusement in her eyes. 'Oh, I'll excuse you,' said she. 'Anything by way of a diversion. One must have conversation even if it's with an impertinent'—

But Eliza gently closed the door, and the opportunity for further conversation, too, before the word 'servant' should offend her ears.

Mrs. Penn put away her silks; it was too dark to match the shades; and, gathering her threads to put in the fire, walked up and down the room. 'One must do something to change the poles,' she said. And then she paused to look out the window at the man plodding up the avenue with the mail, and then at the gray landscape—the hills already black with shadow, a dull rose in the upper air above the rising mists, where a couple of crows flapped heavily, all fading to dim, melancholy outlines and a promise of coming storm. 'And one night just like another,' she murmured, as she turned and sat down before the fire, lifting her skirt daintily, for all it was no matter, she said, whether it scorched or not. 'I don't know why I care,' she said. 'There isn't anything any matter. And as for me, I'm not as much use as the log on the coals—that is good for something.' And she hid her face in her hands, and began to enjoy her favorite twilight diversion, the summing up of her misfortunes and injuries and miseries, and if she could have had a new one to add to them she would have had a pang of satisfaction. 'My husband dead, my children dead, my people dead, shut up here because on account of my hay-fever I can't live in any other spot on earth, without a friend to talk to superior to a servant, without an object in life, without a soul to love, without a soul to love me—except—maybe—poor Eliza—why shouldn't I call such an existence a living tomb? Why should I give thanks for it? It's unbearable—the solitude, the dreariness. Oh, I'm so lonely; if I only had something I could love!' she exclaimed, the tears trickling through her fingers; 'if I only had a cat to love—and I don't like cats—I'd as lief have snakes round'—

Eliza opened the door, and John brought in the lamps and went out again.

'The mail,' said Eliza, rather loftily, but lingering over a lamp after handing Mrs. Penn the newspaper and a letter with foreign stamps.

'Mercy on us!' cried Mrs. Penn.

'A black border!' It's from Eva; who in the world is she in mourning for?'

'Some one out of the world,' said Eliza, busying herself with the shade.

'And sealed with black wax—dear, dear, I wonder who is dead now!'

'If you opened it,' said the irrepressible Eliza, 'you would find out.'

'Oh, Eliza, how unsympathetic you are! When you know it's bad news'—

'Shall I open it, ma'am?'

'Yes, Eliza, do. I don't know—I'm all of a tremble.'—

'There. Here it is. Now you can read it. And you know that whatever happens to Mrs. Robson, you've been in the way of thinking it's not much matter to you.'

'Not much matter to me? Oh, Eliza!' cried Mrs. Penn, whose eyes had been rapidly running over the unfolded sheet. 'Not much matter to me? Just read that, and see if it's no matter to me. They're coming here!'

'My gracious!' said Eliza, taking the chance presented and reading a little more slowly. 'Bag and baggage! The whole kit of them!'

'Every one.'

'Oh, I don't know about that. Isn't it awful? And I never used to children.'

'Eliza! You wouldn't leave me now!'

'Land sakes! Who said anything about leaving?' exclaimed Eliza who, having played dolls and gone to district school with Mrs. Penn, had been her familiar and tyrant ever since. 'How could I leave you—all the same as born and bred together. I wasn't

talking of leaving; I was talking of this Bedlam upside-down.'

'Yes, Mr. Robson dead, the poor soul! And the money gone—I always knew it would go! And they all on the way over. And Eva wants to rest here a little, and then leave the children with me till she finds work. And she has no one else to turn to. And that means—oh, I don't know what it means! Eliza, I see it all as plainly as if a messenger from heaven declared it—if they come here, they never will go away! And they'll be here any day now! There's no time, there's no way of heading them off. A telegram can't reach people in mid-ocean!'

'The poor young thing!' cried Eliza, with a total change of base. 'Alone in a strange country, and with four children—why, the oldest of them isn't ten! And crossing the sea with no nurse, and seasick, I'll be bound, and without a penny in the world—I don't wonder it makes your heart ache, ma'am!'

'Oh, yes, yes, yes—it's all very terrible! There's so much trouble in the world. It seemed as if I had enough of my own before this'—

'And now you've got hers.'

'And oh, Eliza, just think of it! A horde of children overrunning us.. Only picture it! This room, this haven of rest—what a den of confusion it is to become! The books will be ruined, the photographs—they will break that dear bust of the Baby Emperor all to flinders, just as sure as you live! Nothing will be safe. There will be finger marks on the windows and on the paint, crumbs everywhere, crusts of bread and jam, and half-eaten apples on every chair in the place—and I don't dare think of the dining-room!'

'Then I wouldn't, ma'am.'

'Oh, how can I help it? There will be cries and screams there and everywhere else—those children never can have had any bringing up, if I remember Eva.'

'Oh, now, ma'am!'

'Yes, Eliza, children are children the world over,' said Mrs. Penn, as if she announced a new fact in natural history. 'They'll be having bad dreams in the night and crying enough to wake the dead, and they'll be carrying on with pillow fights before daybreak, and I'll lose all my morning nap—the very best sleep I have! And they'll be having croup and measles, and you'll have to keep the house still then, and you can't. Oh, I know what children are in a house! And, Eliza, I'll have the whole of them to clothe and feed! Eva Robson do anything to earn money! Oh, Eliza,' cried Mrs. Penn, in a heart-broken voice, 'what have I done to be punished this way? Wasn't it bad enough before, without having a tribe of little Mohawks let loose in my house! Oh, I can't bear it—I shall have to go to bed, and you must bring me something hot to put me to sleep; and oh, it's in my heart to wish I might never wake up! It will be the death of me, that's what it will be!'

And Mrs. Penn tottered off to bed, and her tears fell into the unaccustomed refreshment of her hot dose; for Eliza made it, and she made it strong; and she dreamed that all the cherubs in the print of the Madonna standing on the moon had come out of the picture, and were flying through the room and buzzing around her pillow, and she could not get a netting stout enough to keep them out.

It was some days before Mrs. Penn, owing to the results of her unwonted excitement, and perhaps of her unwonted refreshment, left her room. The sunset that had been pouring over the valley had fallen into starry dusk, and the whistle of the mail train was sounding far off on its way between the hills. John was just lighting the lamps. 'I've come downstairs for one last hour of peace,' she said. 'For they may be here any day, now. To think I shall never see this great lovely room again in any decent condition till those children go! And go they must! I will have my trustees get Eva something to do the first moment possible. And if they can't, and worst comes to worst, she can take half my income and go away somewhere out of my sight, and I'll dismiss half the servants and shut up half the house. I can't lose all my rest! I will have some sort of peace in my declining years!' She rose hurriedly as she spoke, and set the cup of fragrant tea, that Eliza had brought her, on the mantel-shelf; for there was a sound of beating hoofs on the avenue, a crackling of gravel under wheels, a furious ringing of the big doorbell, an outcry of voices, and suddenly the children were swarming all over her, with cold lifted faces and clasping arms, and little Penn was raising his voice in tears, and some one was bringing in the mother and laying her on a sofa, where she quietly fainted away.

Mrs. Penn gave herself and her condition and her apprehension one wild hurried half moment; and then the woman in her rose triumphant, and she ran to Eva with her smelling salts, and she snatched the water from a bowl of violets with which to sprinkle her white face, and called for Thomas to drive post-haste for the doctor, and, with the children exclaiming and wailing and tumbling about her, had John carry the insensible form up to the best room, that Eliza had already aired and warmed on a peradventure. And then Mrs. Penn and Eliza, between them, got off the prostrate woman's clothes, and bathed her with alcohol and warm water, and put on her Mrs. Penn's very best laced and tucked and ribboned night dress; and that done, Eliza went to see to the children and give them their supper and put them also to bed.

'Just a spark of life left,' said Doctor Thoms. 'Danger of heart failure. A weak heart, anyway. She will have to owe her life to your care, Mrs. Penn, if she comes round. I'll be in again in a couple of hours.'

And when, after midnight, he had done his best and left his further orders, Mrs. Penn did not even pause to wonder at herself for the eagerness with which she obeyed him, for the way in which all night she kept the bottles of hot water packed about the frame where the vital action was so low, administered the restoratives, and hung upon the faltering breath; and when at last toward morning she felt an answering pressure of the frail hand she held, and saw the eyelids flutter and a glance of recognition come and go, she went to the window, with her heart swelling in her throat, and she looked out upon the great stars flashing in the sky, with a sense of kinship she had never had before, as if she, too, were fulfilling some office in the universe; for the doctor had said this life depended on her, and she was saving it.

The doctor had telegraphed, when he first left the house, for a couple of trained nurses, and they arrived in the morning, and Eliza kept the children in a distant part of the house, and Mrs. Penn had a long slumber before she came down to tea, and found little Irene, the ten-year-old child, mothering the brood as if she had long been used to it, and in a way that first made Mrs. Penn open her eyes wide and then filled them with tears. 'I declare!' Eliza had said to her before she came down, 'the way that child carries the load of all the other children is enough to break your heart, the little woman!' Mrs. Penn took Penn, the two-year-old baby on her lap, and fed him herself, carried him into the drawing room, and warmed his feet by the fire there, and undressed him, Irene hovering about to placate him if need be, and sang him to sleep in her arms, and carried him to his little bed at last, and went to her own wearied but full of a sense of duty done that was as novel as it was agreeable, 'I'm sure Mr. Penn would be pleased,' she said, and she fell asleep.

She was waked in the morning by a patter of little feet and a disturbance of the coverlet, and a little white-robed creature in the gray morning twilight was creeping into bed with her, and two little arms were round her neck, and a little rosy cheek was touching hers, and a silver voice was cooing in her half-bewildered ear: 'I love 'oo. I love 'oo vewy mush!'

'Bless his little heart!' she said to Irene, who had pattered in after him to hinder his waking her. 'Here, here, you come round and get in the other side. You'll have your death o' cold! John hasn't shaken down the furnace yet.' And the little adventurer lay between them, and she turned to stretch an arm over both of them, and they all fell asleep again together; and when at length Mrs. Penn awoke again and saw them, a sunbeam stealing in and kindling the two pretty heads to gold, she knew she had not been so happy since she had used to wake and see Geoffrey Penn's head on the other pillow.

It was Mrs. Penn herself who slipped on a piece of half-eaten gingerbread on the stair carpet, and in her hurry to overtake little Penn who had fallen down, forgot to remember the spot it made. And it was Eliza who gathered a select assortment of apple cores from the drawing-room tables, and said nothing. And it was Mrs. Penn who sopped with her own napkin, before the maid could reach it, the contents of Penn's overturned glass of milk, and had to take him in her arms then for the remainder of the dinner time to quiet his frightened and repentant roaring. 'It's singular,' she said to Eliza next day; 'but I don't know when I've had such a good night's rest.'

It was Mrs. Penn who found herself buttering bread at all hours of the day, taking a little company into the store-room to overlook the jams and cakes and goodies there, telling story after story when the dark came on, creeping in to look at the little sleepers in the middle of the night, and visiting the sick room with breathless and soundless caution, and crying over Eva at last when she had been lifted to the lounge and was able to hold one down with the embraces of her poor weak arms. 'You are so good,' sighed Eva. And at another time she murmured, 'Oh, what should I have done if I hadn't had you to come to!'

'I'm sure Mr. Penn would be pleased,' Mrs. Penn said again, as she left the room.

If you had happened to be on the Pennfield highway any pleasant November afternoon, you might have seen Mrs. Penn, who had been in the habit of never setting her foot on the ground, walking with a little rabble of children, this one holding her finger, and that one her skirt, and investigating ants' holes and forsaken nests and seed vessels and the like; or you might have met her coming home from somewhere and holding at arm's length and by the nape of the neck a scrawny kitten that pawed the air, of which monster she was terribly afraid, but for which both Penn and Irene had chanced to express a wish.

'I guess I would let that go till regular cleaning day,' said Mrs. Penn, as Eliza was going round with a wet cloth, wiping the

finger marks off the paint. 'It might hurt their feelings, you know.'

'That's so, ma'am.'

'Do you mind it all very much?'

'Do you mind it all very much?' asked Mrs. Penn, wistfully.

'Mind it!' said Eliza. 'It seems as if we had just begun to live, ma'am.'

'I don't know but it does, Eliza,' said Mrs. Penn. 'How short the days are growing! I don't seem to get anything accomplished.'

'Except making these dear children love you, ma'am.'

'You're as silly as I am, Eliza.'

There had been three or four week of this when, one day, the door of the mother's room being left open, there poured in upon her an amazing sound of revelry. Of course poor Mrs. Eva did not know that Geoffrey was standing in his boots on the velvet sofa to better inspect a 'Holy Family' with his lead pencil, or that Penn was drumming on a lacquered tray with a gold filagree spoon, or that Amy was meddling with the big Swiss music box, or that Irene was sitting with a strew of precious photographs around her, to which the others came with eager fingers and loud shouts every few moments; but she knew that Pandemonium was reigning there. 'Oh,' she murmured, 'you will be so glad when they go. It is a cruelty. Your quiet house! How can you bear it? Oh, I know it is an imposition!'

'What are you talking about?' exclaimed Mrs. Penn.

'But you see I am gaining so fast I shall be downstairs in a few days. And I think I shall be able to get a position in the Government; it has been promised to me, and then I shall relieve you. But I shall never, when I am gone—never, never, oh, never, forget your goodness in taking us in so!'

'When you are gone! My dear child, you are talking nonsense. When you are gone with my consent, will be the day after never. You wouldn't have the heart, now would you, Eva,' said Mrs. Penn, the tears ready to start, 'to put me back where I was before you and these darling children came into the house? Dead and alive—more dead than alive I was—just in a living tomb!'

'But the noise—the mischief—the confusion—'

'Oh, my dear, it is life! I used to think so much of my pimlico order, and now it is a positive pleasure to see a train of cars and a circus in the drawing-room. Eliza and I were saying this very day, we didn't know how we got along before you came. And I am going to have the big room in the wing fitted for a schoolroom, and the room between for a nursery, and have a nurse for Penn and Amy and a governess for Geoffrey and Irene.'

'But, oh, the expense!'

'Never mind the expense! It was their grandfather's money, and he would rather they had it, I know, than have it hoarded for a lot of societies in the end. And they shall! I am making you an allowance, Eva, and I shall see to all the rest. Oh, Eliza!' as a foot drew near; 'is that you, Eliza? What have you done about that turkey? I wish you'd send down to the Bowens's, and see if it's gone.'

'It's hanging up in the cold cellar, Mrs. Penn,' said the demure Eliza.

'Eliza, what a jewel you are! You always just anticipate me. Eva, darling, I think we can get you down to the table where that turkey will be looking like a big heathen god, and we will forget you have ever been away!'

And as they all sat about the table with the nuts and candy when the feast was over, 'I haven't had such a Thanksgiving,' Mrs. Penn said, 'since my husband died! I was dead and I am alive; I was lost and I am found. I was a limp and useless nonentity, and now I am part of the breathing world, with something to do, with people to love, and with a heart full of thankfulness.'

'I wish we had Thanksgiving twice a year, don't you, Grandmother?' piped Amy.

'I am having it now every day of my life, my little dear,' said Mrs. Penn. 'I am having a perpetual Thanksgiving!'

How Thanksgiving Came to Jimmy.

(By Kate Frothingham, in 'The Household.')

When Jimmy Benton came to Meadowland to make his home with his Aunt Jane, the neighbors shook their heads and felt honest pity for the little lad, although they knew that he would receive every attention in the way of food, clothing, and education.

Jimmy was intelligent and tactful, and he soon learned that he must preserve a perfect aloofness of manner, that he must speak only when spoken to, and that absolute cleanliness was the first law of the home. If he cried a little after the lights were out at night, no one was the wiser, and when he grew into a reserved, hungry-eyed boy of fifteen, the neighbors, at least, understood the reason.

TALKING ABOUT THE WONDERS OF THE SEA.

In one way was Jane Benton expansive and almost tender,—in her regard for her younger brother, bluff Captain Joe, who had been left in her care at the age of four. When not sailing along the coast in the 'Hannah B,' a small lumber schooner, Captain Joe made his home with his sister. He was a privileged character in the home, and might even displace books or baskets without being reproved. Jimmy used to wonder how he had succeeded in making Aunt Jane love him well enough for that. But Jimmy loved his uncle none the less. They spent long hours together on the back porch, talking about the wonders of the sea, and were the best of friends.

Captain Joe was expected home to spend Thanksgiving, and great preparations were being made. The 'Hannah B' was a reliable craft, and was quite sure to put in an appearance off Lane's Point at the estimated time; but on the day before Thanksgiving a sudden storm had come up that filled Jane Benton with dismay. All the afternoon Jimmy had sat with his face close to the window, fascinated by the fury of the sea.

Jane Benton walked between the door and the windows, but, although her eyes were wide and strained, she said no word.

It was when the mists had begun to lift, and a rim of crimson had appeared along the west, that Jimmy discovered the outline of a vessel pounding upon the jagged rocks of an island that lay across the mouth of the bay. At the same time he saw men running towards the little life-station cut upon the headland. The storm was abating somewhat, and the women and children were struggling towards the hill. Jimmy dressed warmly and joined the group of watchers. They pointed out to him the forms of men who were clinging to the tangled masses of cordage and rigging.

Jimmy overheard some one say that the distressed vessel was the 'Hannah B,' and his heart stood still. Captain Joe, good, kind Captain Joe whom Aunt Jane loved, was in danger! His thoughts flew faster than his feet as he went from man to man, insisting that the little ferry steamer could make her way out there, since the life-boat was disabled. A volunteer crew was soon made up, and while all knew that the captain had gone to bed ill after the last trip, leaving only an engineer in charge, they also knew that Jimmy had been taught to steer, and was familiar with every inch of the bay. With authority born of true courage that outstripped his fifteen years, he assigned his men to duty, taking the wheel himself.

The little boat pitched and sprang heavily

along, the waves broke upon its bows, sending the seething spray over the pilot-house in columns of foam, deluging the deck. They made straight toward the wreck, but were obliged to drop anchor in the channel between the island and the headland. The lifeboat, with some difficulty, came under the lee of the wreck. Then came long hours of hard struggle in the high wind before the exhausted men were taken on.

Jimmy was worn out and wet to the skin when, some hours later, he reached home. They had made a hero of him on the wharf and all the way through the village, but he cared nothing for that. It was enough that good, kind Captain Joe was safe, and Aunt Jane would be glad. As he opened the gate, his aunt, who was waiting in the door, came hurrying down the walk. Her face was beaming. 'Jimmy, dear Jimmy!' she said, and then an unheard of thing took place. She kissed him tenderly, and her tears fell on his shivering cheek. 'I never loved you half enough,' she said, a little brokenly, 'but I'll make up for it now.' And she did. In that little cottage came a spirit of Thanksgiving that did not end with the day.

The Mischief Maker

'I like comfort,' said Mr. Salter, 'and when I come home I hate to be bothered about ways and means; of course, I know the bills must be paid some day, and somehow, but why bother me?'

'We have the three men from the office coming to-morrow,' said he a few days later; 'Morton may be useful, so give us a creditable dinner.'

'I will do my best,' replied Mrs. Salter rather sadly. The packet of bills would be increased after the festival.

No one entering Mr. Salter's house on the following evening would have guessed that King Care reigned everywhere.

'You have most cosy quarters here,' said Mr. Morton; 'I had no idea these houses were so roomy; I wish we were as well off.'

'Yes, they are comfortable enough,' said Mr. Salter indifferently. 'I can't understand large families squeezing into a small space. Comfort, I say, before anything.'

'Still a man must cut his coat according to his cloth,' said Mr. Branscombe, a tall, dark man with an earnest face; 'I am fond of comfort, but on a limited income—well, one wouldn't get wilfully into debt, you see.'

'Some people don't mind,' laughed Mr. Morton. Salter hated Branscombe. They were employed in the same office, and Branscombe's kind manner and honest simplicity contrasted strangely with the boastful manners of his co-worker. To-night the admission of his poverty had led to the unpleasant subject of debt, and Salter persuaded himself that Branscombe, suspecting the real state of affairs, had purposely chosen this topic to humiliate him.

On the following morning great rejoicing reigned in the Branscombe household. A distant relative had died, leaving Mr. Branscombe five hundred pounds.

'Thank God!' said Branscombe fervently, 'we can clear off every farthing.'

Husband and wife were standing hand in hand, one in their desire to act honestly to all the world. Now their sky seemed without a cloud. Mrs. Branscombe knew the children's shabby frocks and patched shoes need haunt her no longer. What blessings would flow from those five hundred pounds!

A month later Mr. Salter gave another dinner party, at which the Mortons were present.

'Branscombe has blossomed out lately,' said Morton, carelessly. 'New clothes, new hat, wife and family quite smart.'

'Come into money, perhaps,' suggested Jones.

'Pooh! fiddlesticks!' said Salter, 'if he had I should have heard. Well, I hope he sticks to his principles; one never knows—the first downward step, you know!' He coughed and sipped his wine.

The next morning Branscombe appeared at the office with a bunch of violets in his buttonhale—a love-token from his daughter, who had been out early and spent her pennies on her father. She had seen a poor lad defend a smaller one at the cost of a black eye; after the fight she had run forward, shaken his hand, and bought his flowers.

'Dear little Margaret! a pearl indeed!' said he.

* * * * * * *

'It is beyond my power to fathom,' said Branscombe a week or two later. 'I have never knowingly made an enemy, yet now I am almost boycotted at the office—and for what, or through whom, is a mystery!'

'Live it down, dearest,' said his wife fondly. She had guessed a secret worry. 'We both know you have done no wrong; some jealousy must be at the bottom of it.'

* * * * * * *

'Salter won't be at the office to-day,' said Mr. Morton to the room generally; it was dreary within and without. 'I have a telegram; he has had a seizure.'

'Poor fellow!' exclaimed Branscombe. 'What an anxiety, too, for his wife.'

Morton stared. Could Branscombe know Salter's opinion of him?

On his way home Branscombe called at the Salter's. Mrs. Salter came to him in tears.

'He is conscious,' she said, 'but it's so dreadful. He may, he must live. Oh! everything is dark to me. I feel helpless.'

'My wife shall come round and share the nursing, unless you have a nurse.'

'A nurse! No, no, we can't afford one.' She covered her face and sobbed.

For days Mr. Salter's life hung in the balance, while Mrs. Branscombe shared the nursing, and her husband stayed late at the office doing as much of Salter's work as possible. The wife's admission of their poverty had been a shock to Branscombe, and showed him Salter's true character.

'Mrs. Branscombe,' said Salter late one night, 'I am quite conscious, and, I believe, on the way to recovery; but I shall not get well until I win one thing—forgiveness from you and from your husband. Hush! I have done you a grievous wrong, and as I have lain here nursed by you, and thinking of your husband doing my work, God has spoken to me, and if I recover I will henceforward lead a new life.'

Then, in broken words, he confessed his jealousy, false pride, and finally the utterance of that cruel scandal, which from so small a beginning gradually spread like a deadly poison through the entire official department.

'I will refute it,' said Salter, and he did.
—Edith Prince Snowden, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

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I Do Not Ask, O Lord.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou would'st take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou should'st shed
Full radiance here;
Give me but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night,
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

—Adelaide Procter.

A Taste of Good Things.

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There would be no objection, if at the same time the addresses of half a dozen other thinking people were added to the list.

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Note by an Eye Witness.
British Complacency—'Daily Chronicle,' London.
The Campaign Against Trade Unions—'Saturday Review,' London.
A Reply to Mr. Trust, the Millionnaire—'The Pilot,' London.
Ways of Spending Money—By the Rev. Hastings Rashdall, Fellow of New College, Oxford, in 'Commonwealth,' London.
The King's Economies—By T. P. O'Connor, in 'M. A. P.'
Mr. Kipling's Description of the Late Ameer—'M. A. P.,' London.
A Japanese Altruist—'The Spectator,' London.
A Danish Revolution—New York 'Tribune.'
The Secret of the Universe—'Presbyterian Banner.'
The Fifth Victorian Contingent—'The Australasian.'
Atoms—'The Pilot,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Photographic Exhibitions—Part I.—By G. Bernard Shaw in 'The Amateur Photographer,' London.
An English Stradivarius—By Arthur Broadley, in 'Musical News,' London

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Summer Ending—Poem, by Laurence Alma-Tadema, in 'Westminster Budget.'
The Younger Poets—By W. L. Courtney, in 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Reviews of Mr. Gilbert Parker's New Book—Abbreviated from 'Literature,' 'Daily Chronicle,' 'Daily Telegraph,' 'The Speaker,' 'Saturday Review,' 'Punch.'
John Keats—By Arthur Symons, in 'Monthly Review.'
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Thanksgiving.

(By C.A. Urann, in S.S. Messenger.)

'Oh Harry, come here quick! Thanksgiving is out and going toward the gate,' called Mildred Graham to her brother, who came running from the barn in answer to her call, and together they endeavored to catch the great turkey gobbler, known to the Graham household as Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Graham was busy frying doughnuts when she heard Mildred call.

'It does beat all how that critter acts up nowadays. I declare it seems as though he surmised

what's coming, for there's no keeping him shut up, anyhow,' she said as she hastened to the porch. 'Harry,' she called out, 'don't you be too rough with him or he'll strike out with those wings of his and you'll wish you'd let him alone.'

Several times the children thought they had him, but Thanksgiving eluded their grasp and went wildly on, with every particular feather standing out as though electrified.

'I've caught you at last, old fellow!' exclaimed Harry, stooping to clasp the gobbler; but instead, he lay sprawling on the ground, while Thanksgiving flew into an apple tree near by, and Mrs. Graham stood laughing at the boy's defeat.

'You'd better fetch a pan of corn, Harry. Maybe that'll coax him down. He's been the uneasiest of all the turkeys I ever raised. Always a wandering off so freaky like, though it isn't every turkey that's had the bringing up that that one has.'

Thanksgiving had been hatched beneath the motherly wings of an old speckled hen, from an egg given Mildred by a neighbor. He was looked upon by the children as the loveliest turkey that ever strutted about a dooryard, and from his first appearance on earth was destined to grace the platter on the forthcoming Thanksgiving. He was named and reared accordingly, but endeavored to cause all the anxiety and excitement he could during his short but eventful life.

When very young he was run over while indulging in a mud bath in the road; later, he was grabbed by a dog and relieved of a large patch of feathers from the back of his shining coat; indeed, scarcely a day passed without Thanksgiving causing some excitement in the otherwise quiet home of the Grahams.

The sight of corn decoyed the aspiring fowl from his high position, and he was soon safely housed in his bachelor quarters beneath the kitchen window, to eat and reflect, and to dream of the feast that was close at hand, when he should fill a place of honor at the bountifully spread board of the Grahams.

'Here it is going on 277 years since those stiff old Puritans started this foolish custom of setting apart a day of Thanksgiving,' he mused, as he picked away at his corn, 'and because there happened to be a lot of wild turkeys in the neighboring woods for them to shoot and eat on that occasion, when the woods was their only market place, their descendants have come to regard our tribe as especially provided for that purpose.

'Once upon a time our tribe boasted of possessing brighter plumage, when they were free to roam about to their heart's content. No wonder we have come to be a melancholy looking bird.

'Good! They have sent that thoughtless Harry to feed me; more likely than not, he will forget to put the door down and then I'll step out of this narrow contracted house and look about for a while.'

Just as the boy was about to replace the door he heard the music of a hand-organ, which to his ear was the sweetest of all earthly sounds, and thinking there might be a monkey also, he hurriedly let the door down outside, the grooves and rushed across the fields to the spot whence came the enchanting strains of 'Love's Young Dream.'

After finishing his meal, the enterprising turkey poked at the door until it fell over and then he too hurried away, but toward the great south garden where he knew there were treasures awaiting him.

'Sure enough, here are the

pumpkins I've heard the children talking so much about. They said there was one enormous pumpkin of extra fine stock, especially for Thanksgiving, so I'll find that, after I've tasted a few of the others.'

He pecked a while at first one then another, until he discovered the largest and finest in the field, which he partly devoured, and then moved on to the patch of crookneck squashes. These he knew all about, for he heard Harry telling Billy Oliver about his father sending to the Agricultural Department at Washington, for the seed; and that his father said there was no squash in the world equal to that for Thanksgiving. There, right before him, lay the great curving necks of which he heard so much, and Thanksgiving at once proceeded to sample them all. He next visited the potato field, and tasted of a pile of the choicest tubers, which he felt sure had been selected for Thanksgiving. Then turning homeward he pecked at every inviting morsel until he grew so sleepy he was thankful to reach his own home where he could rest in safety.

That was his last foraging excursion; the next day Mildred was sewing turkey-red binding to the stumps of his beautiful tail and wings which she would use through the coming year to brush up the hearth and stove, and clean down the cobwebs and dust. Beside the woodpile hung a bagful of his soft plumage; while his body tenderly awaited the great feast prepared for the uncles, the cousins and the aunts, who were invited to the home of the Grahams to spend Thanksgiving.

Peter.

Dorothy lived with her grandparents on a little farm among the mountains. She loved animals, and was never without a pet of some kind.

One day, as Dorothy's grandfather was taking the cow to pasture, he noticed three little creatures playing near a large rock. He thought they were young foxes, and he started to catch one; but before he could reach the place two of the little fellows had tumbled into their hole. The other was about half in when Dorothy's grandfather grabbed him.

It was not a fox, but a baby woodchuck,—a queer, fuzzy little ball of fur, with beady black eyes, stumpy tail, and big yellow teeth.

The baby woodchuck bit and scratched, and struggled to get away. But at last he was tied in a handkerchief, and then he was carried to Dorothy.

Dorothy was delighted with this new and strange pet, and, though her grandfather said woodchucks rarely became tame, she was sure this one would. She named him Peter, and then took down her old squirrel-cage and lined it with soft hay, and placed him in it, with some fresh-cut clover and a little dish of water.

For a few days Peter was very wild. He insisted on spilling his water, and he would snap and bite whenever his little mistress replaced it. But, by and by he saw that Dorothy did not mean to hurt him. Then he gave up biting. In two weeks he would drink from his dish without upsetting it, and would nibble clover from Dorothy's hand, and let her scratch his funny little head.

In a month Peter had grown to twice his former size, and had become so tame that he would let Dorothy take him in her arms and carry him about.

One day little Dorothy forgot to fasten the cage door, and Peter walked out, But he did not go far, and went back to his cage of his own accord. The door was never fastened again, and all day long Peter would play about the verandah or nibble grass in front of the house. He always returned to his wire house for the night. By this time he had learned to answer to his name. He would run to Dorothy whenever she called him.

One day Dorothy's grandmother was baking cookies, and she gave one to Peter. It was funny to see the little woodchuck taste it, then taste again, as if he were not quite able to make up his mind whether he liked it or not. Finally, he decided that he did like it, and he ate it all. From this time cookies were his favorite food. As soon as Dorothy's grandmother began to bake, he would run to the kitchen, and sit on his haunches in the doorway, and wait patiently until his cooky was given him. Then he would scamper off to one of his grassy nooks and eat it at his leisure. He would hold it in his forepaws and nibble here and there in the very cunningest way, until it was all gone.

Several times during the summer Peter wandered off to the woods and spent the day. At last, one cool October day, Peter went off and did not return.

Dorothy was afraid some one had killed him. All winter long she mourned for Peter.

One fine morning in April, as Dorothy was walking down the road with her grandfather, they espied a big red woodchuck sitting on a stump in a field.

'O grandpa!' cried Dorothy, 'See that woodchuck! Doesn't he look just like my dear old Peter?'

'Perhaps it is Peter,' said her grandfather. 'Call him and see.'

Stepping to the side of the road Dorothy waved her hand, and called, 'Peter ! Peter ! Come here, Peter!'

And what do you think happened? Why, the big red woodchuck first looked at Dorothy for a minute, with his head on one side, and then came running across the field; and it was her dear old Peter, safe and sound, coming back to her after his long winter sleep.

Dorothy took the great red fellow in her arms, and hugged and kissed him. Peter seemed to share her delight. He rubbed his nose against her cheek, and grumbled down in his throat, as woodchucks do when they are pleased.

Of course, Dorothy carried Peter home, and fed and petted him, to make up for all the time he had been away. That afternoon Dorothy's grandma got out her baking tins and rolling pin. And the moment Peter heard the sound he started up and ran to the kitchen door, and took his old place again, to wait for his cookey. So you see that during his long winter sleep he had not forgotten about the cookies.—A. Hyatt Verrill, in 'Little Folks.'

Little Hands.

O little hands, dear little hands,
Are you ready for work to-day?
Are you ready, too, kind deeds to do,
And be gentle in your play?

O little hands, dear little hands,
You have been so busy to-day,
Now quietly rest, you have done your best;
Rest from your work, and play.

—Florence E. Brown.

LESSON IX.—DECEMBER 1.

The Call of Moses.

Exodus iii., 12. Memory verses 9-12. Read chapters iii. to vii.

Golden Text.

'Certainly I will be with thee.'—Exodus iii., 12.

Lesson Text.

(1) Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father in law, the priest of Midian; and he led the flock to the backside of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. (2) And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush, and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. (3) And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt. (4) And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I. (5) And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. (5) Moreover he said, I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God. (7) And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows; (8) And I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey; unto the place of the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites. (9) Now therefore, Behold, the cry of the children of Israel is come unto me; and I have also seen the oppression wherewith the Egyptians oppress them. (10) Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt. (11) And Moses said unto God, Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt? (12) And he said, Certainly I will be with thee; and this shall be a token unto thee, that I have sent thee: when thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain.

Suggestions.

Moses was brought up at the Egyptian court by the daughter of Pharaoh, obtaining thus the best culture and education of the times, but when he grew up he chose to devote himself to the betterment of his own people. By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt.

Moses's first attempt to help his people was a failure, God's time had not yet come for the deliverance of Israel, they had more lessons yet to learn in their bondage, just as Joseph had in his. Neither was Moses himself ready to be the leader of the people of God for he himself was not yet sufficiently acquainted with God to be able to carry out God's plans. Moses fled from the land of Egypt and made his home in Midian, here he married Zipporah, the daughter of the priest or prince of Midian. Moses was about forty years old when he went to Midian, and he tended the flock of his father-in-law there for forty years. These years were not wasted, they were a very necessary part of his training as a leader of men. Out in the open air, day after day, year after year, watching the flock, he had plenty of opportunity to think out the great problems of humanity, and to learn to rest his soul in the infinite greatness of God. In those years of leading and guarding the immense flock of sheep he was unconsciously being fitted to lead that great flock of people which was later given into his charge.

One day when Moses had taken his flock to feed over near Mount Horeb he saw a very strange sight. A bush was burning brightly before his eyes, and yet the fire did not affect the bush. Moses stopped to wonder and gaze at this, and as he gazed, God spoke to him from the bush. Fire is a symbol of the blazing righteousness of God (Heb. xii., 29; Dan. vii., 9; Ps. xcvii., 2-6) and in this symbol Jehovah himself appeared to Moses and made known to him the plan for his life. Each one of us has a place in the great heart of God and for each one he has mapped out a life-plan.

The Lord Jehovah made himself known to Moses on the mountain, telling him that he had seen the affliction of his people and had heard the sighs of their sorrowful hearts, and that now he would send Moses to lead them out of their captivity. Moses remembered his former attempt to liberate his brethren and at first he wondered how he could possibly go back and face the king of Egypt. Had he not tried once to set his people free and desperately failed? But God encouraged him, and promised that he himself would be with him to guide him continually in all that he should say and do. Then Moses, still hesitating, asked what authority he should give when the Israelites asked who sent him to their aid. And God said unto Moses, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, the Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you: this is my name forever and this is my memorial unto all generations. (Ex. iii., 14-15). How this message must have thrilled the hearts of the oppressed Israelites, what a vision of glory and greatness it must have stirred in their hearts as they recalled the traditions of their forefathers. The God who had brought Joseph up out of prison and made him a ruler in Egypt and had given to his brethren the fruitful land of Goshen—this God was their God and he had not forgotten them! The God who had dealt so bountifully with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, was still alive and mindful of his chosen people. God called himself 'I am,' by which we may understand his character, Jehovah, the Eternal, the unchangeable God. The same yesterday, to-day and forever.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Dec. 1.—Topic.—Children of God.—Rom. viii., 14-17.

Junior C. E. Topic.

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES.

Mon., Nov. 25.—Jesus and his work.—John ix., 4.

Tues., Nov. 26.—Remembering our tasks.—Matt. xxv., 20.

Wed., Nov. 27.—To-day's harvest is white.—John iv., 35.

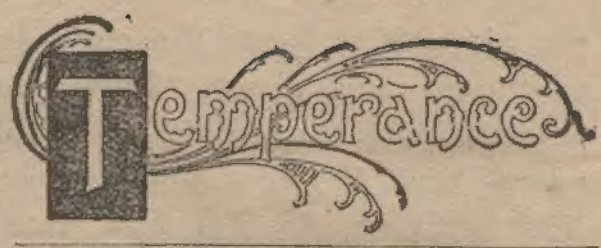
Thu., Nov. 28.—But few are the reapers.—Matt. ix., 37.

Fri., Nov. 29.—Filling God's storehouse.—Luke xii., 18-21.

Sat., Nov. 30.—Close to Christ for fruit.—John xv., 4-5.

Sun., Dec. 1.—Topic.—Fruitful for Jesus.—Matt. vii., 16-20.

There are some teachers who seem to be satisfied with no Bible in the class. The lesson helps are good but they cannot give all the Bible. Every teacher who leads the scholar to study the Bible has learned the importance of having the Book in the hands of each member. Something more than the Bible is often helpful. Right here a word for the reference Bible. A word from the teacher on the importance of owning one and having it in the class, will go far towards the accomplishment of this desired end. In some classes it is the custom of every one to carry a Bible. In others not even the teacher is supplied. What a weaponless affair that must be! A soldier with no sword. Does it require bravery in these days for young men and women to carry a Bible under the arm through the streets of city or village? Let it be so, there are many who have and who are learning the lesson well. May the number increase.—'Living Epistle.'



Is Grog Good for Soldiers?

INTERESTING MARCHING EXPERIMENT AT NETLEY.

Professor Campbell, M.D., has written a brochure entitled 'Intemperance: Natural Remedies.' It contains quotations from famous ones of the earth against the abuse, or even use, of alcohol.

In a chapter on 'Alcohol and Crime in the Army,' the writer summons to his aid the opinions of two famous soldiers.

One of them, Lord Napier of Magdala, says:—'On reviewing the record of soldiers' offences, all practically have their origin in drunkenness. Of 18,000 men under my command in India, the total abstainers had no crimes, the temperate had practically none; the whole body of crime was among the non-abstainers.'

The other, Lord Wolseley, in his 'Soldier's Pocket Book,' says: 'The old superstition that grog is a good thing for men before, during, and after a march has been proved by the scientific men of all nations to be a fallacy, and is only still maintained by men who mistake the craving of habit for the promptings of nature herself.'

But the most interesting portion of this chapter is the account given of certain experiments carried out by the late Dr. Parkes, Army Surgeon, at Netley.

Dr. Parkes selected three men, Sergeant-Major Don, Private Holz, and Private Hutchins, who volunteered to undergo experiments for a week in the shape of twenty miles a day marches in heavy marching order, each carrying a total weight of fifty-one pounds, including his clothes.

At the end of the experiment the men were asked to state their candid opinions of the relative value of substances during marching, and Sergeant-Major Don said:—'The meat extract is the best to march on, more strength is given by it. About this I have not the slightest doubt. After the meat extract I would prefer coffee, and I put the rum last for marching.'

Private Holz said:—'I prefer the meat extract; it gave me more strength. As regards the coffee, I would place it before the rum, as the effect of the rum went off in two and a half miles, and I felt better after the coffee than after the rum.'

Private Hutchins said:—'I prefer the meat extract; it certainly gave me more strength for marching. It does not put a spurt into you for a few miles, but has a lasting effect. I prefer the coffee to the rum, because it quenched thirst, and also the rum at the end of a couple of miles left you as bad as before, or even worse, while the coffee had no effect of that kind.' Private Hutchins also said that after taking his rum he felt as if he could have jumped a five-barred gate, but that at the end of a mile and a half his feet were dragging like lead.'

Lord Wolseley on Temperance.

The Commander-in-Chief, on paying quite a recent visit to the Cyclops Works at Sheffield, where an armor-plate was rolled, was informed that a large proportion of the men were teetotalers. He felt that if the working classes of England were to occupy the position to which they were entitled they would have to entertain an abhorrence of intoxicating liquors, which robbed them and their families of the means of living and deprived them of their intelligence and skill. In a letter last month, Lord Wolseley wrote: 'The longer I live the more I am confirmed in the early-acquired belief that "drink" is the hotbed, not only of most human misery, but of crime also. It was once my privilege to lead a fighting brigade through a wild, uninhabited region for a distance of six hundred miles. All ranks had to work hard every day, and all day, from sunrise to dark. We carried no intoxicating liquor with us, and none

was obtainable on the way. I never had a sick man, and all crime, even the most trivial offences, was unknown. Had liquor been obtainable, I am certain I could not have reached my destination with a fighting force in the splendid condition it was in when we marched into Fort Garry in 1870.'

For Emergencies.

Dr. J. J. Ridge suggests as substitutes for brandy in cases of faintness, etc., the following remedies:

1. Water, as hot as can be conveniently swallowed, either alone or slightly sweetened. To be sipped. Even cold water sipped stimulates the heart.

2. Ginger Tea: One teaspoonful to a teacupful of boiling water. Sweeten; sip hot.

3. Herb Tea: A teaspoonful of powdered sage, mint, or similar herb to a teacupful of boiling water. Sweeten; sip hot.

4. Chamomille Tea, taken warm, is specially suitable for the colic of infants.

5. Meat Extract: A teaspoonful of Liebig's Extract or Bovril in a wineglassful of hot water, with herb flavoring if preferred. This is a special heart stimulant.

6. Other measures. Flapping the face and chest with a cold wet towel; putting the hands in hot water; ammonia or smelling salts to the nostrils; tickling nostrils with a feather, etc.—'League Journal.'

The Meanest Business on Earth.

In one of our large cities there is a man who keeps a first-class restaurant, and his two children, one of them an interesting boy of about ten years of age, wait on the table. A friend who was much attracted by the manliness and gentleness of the lad, said:—'You have a splendid waiter.' 'Yes,' said the proprietor, 'he is my son.' I used to sell liquor. The boy came home one day and said: "Papa, we fellows at school had a discussion to-day about the business in which our parents were engaged, and the question was asked: "What does your father do?' One of them said, "My father works." Another said, "My father is a merchant." Another said, "My father is a lawyer." I said, "My father sells liquor." And then one of the boys spoke up and said, "That is the meanest business on earth.' And then he looked around and asked, "Father, is that so?" And I said, "Yes, John, it is, and I am going to get out of it. God helping me I will get out of it."'

Christianity and the Grogshop.

'We claim to be Christians, and daily say (and call it praying): "Thy kingdom come and thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven," and then go to work deliberately and systematically, to establish by law, a system which, if the Bible be true, educates and prepares men for the regions of despair where the "fire is not quenched" Christianity and the grogshop are diametrically opposed to each other, and no millennium morn will ever dawn on this sin cursed and whiskey soaked world until all drunkard manufactories are swept from existence. When we can harness the pulpit and ballot box together, in a holy crusade against the rum traffic, we may reasonably look for the dawn of the day when there will be nothing to hurt or destroy in all lands and on all mountains. The churches, and the different temperance organizations of the land, among which the women occupy a prominent position, are the sources from whence help must come in our contest with this bitter enemy of God and humanity.'—The Hon. Hiram Price, Washington.

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Correspondence

Midland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and one brother. I have a pet cat and I named him Totty. I go to Sunday-school. I get the 'Northern Messenger' and I like to read the stories in it. I go to the new school. My teacher's name is Miss Smith.

GLADYS C. (Aged eight.)

Heckman's Island, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much. I live on an island connected with the mainland by a bridge. I live about half a mile away from the school house, and go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Prince; and I like her very much. I am in the second book, but expect to grade soon. I live on a small farm and my father keeps one cow and a black horse called Major. I have a large black dog named Hecter, a Maltese kitten with white paws, named Thomas, and four pigeons. I have no brothers but one sister. I will be nine years old on Nov. 17. I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and enjoy reading the stories and Correspondence. WILFRID E. K.

Blyth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have a lot of 'Northern Messengers,' I was thinking of sending them away to some foreign Sunday-school. If you could send me an address, I would be much obliged. Yours truly,

WALTER L. J.

Ans.—Miss MacDonald, Secretary of the Westmount Branch, Sunshine Society, 4630 St. Catherine street, Montreal, would be glad to get such literature. But it should be very clean and in good order.

Aspy Bay, C. B.

Dear Editor,—I have read many letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' but I have never seen any from Aspy Bay. This is a very pretty country. My home is close by the sea shore. There is a very nice view to be seen from here in the summer season. I saw H. M. ships go by that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York were in on their way to Montreal. I live about three miles from the Presbyterian Church. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I live one and a half miles from the school house. We have no school now. I have one brother, Neil G., he is one year and four months. I live on a farm. MARTHA J. McP. (Aged twelve.)

Essex, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a little letter to the 'Messenger.' I have read it nearly ever since I could read, but never had it for my very own until Christmas. My auntie, at Oxford Mills, sent it to me for a Christmas present. I spent four weeks in your beautiful city this summer. I saw a great many places of interest, also where the 'Messenger' and 'Witness' are printed. My uncle took his horse and carriage and drove us up the mountain. We stood on the lookout from which we could see all over the city. I had to leave, just a week before the Duke and Duchess were to be there, but I saw them in Ottawa, and was quite near to them. I am eight years old and go to school. We have five teachers and my teacher is Mr. Smythe. We have three lady teachers. I am in the next room to the principal's. I go to Sunday-school and like to go, too.

ELSIE KATHRYN B.

Sauk Centre, Minn.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a little letter to tell some news. My brother took the 'Messenger' for a year or so, and I have taken it for a year or two, and like the paper very much. My birthday comes on May 14. I was eleven in the spring. This is my first attempt to write to the 'Messenger,' and I thought it was time to begin. We have four cats, their names are: Grandma, Auntie, Tabby, and Tommy. Grandma is an old cat, about ten years of age. Auntie is a cat a year and a half old. Tabby and Tommy are only spring cats. We had a dog but he sucked eggs, so papa killed him. Our school began over a month ago, but I was not able to attend on account of an attack of typhoid fever. I was not able to get up for twenty-three days. I have been up for nearly two weeks. My mother and three brothers and myself took it this summer. My sister and I are both writing to you, we are the only ones at home to-day. We are having fine weather lately. I have a pet hen. I call her Chicky. She is very tame, and when I call Chicky she runs to me. She can sing as good as any body. We are all done ploughing now. HERBERT S.

Poltimore, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and three sisters. I am eleven years old. Our teacher's name is Miss Walsh, she is from Ontario. For pets, I have a cat and a colt, his name is Charlie. We have four horses; we call them Jim, Fly, Nell and Bell. We have twenty-six head of cattle; we have nine milk cows. I milk three.

H. A. McM.

Waubaushene.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy, eight years old, and as I never see any letters from Waubaushene, I thought I would write you one. Waubaushene is a small village on the Georgian Bay. It is very pretty in summer, and the bay is fine for boating, and in winter for skating. There are two Protestant churches and one Catholic church. Two schools with four teachers. My teacher's name is Miss Campbell. Mamma gets the 'Messenger' every Sunday. I have one brother, Russell. For a pet, he has a kitten. I have also a little sister. She is very fond of dolls. CECIL M.

Harper's Brook, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I have often read your letters in the 'Messenger,' so I thought I would write one too. I go to school, about a mile from our place. I am in the new fourth reader. We like our teacher. I have seven brothers and three sisters. My oldest brother is in Oak Lake, Man., and my eldest sister is married, in Boston. I go to Sunday-school; our teacher's name is Mrs. Pelton, a lovely Christian lady. She gave the 'Messenger' to five little boys for a year. I was one of the number. I like it very much. My father is a farmer. We have two horses and two colts. The colts' names are Maud and Tan. We have a little baby sister and we all love her, and her name is Gladys. My birthday is on July 11. EDGAR R. R.

The Pines, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you new subscribers. I have a cat older than I am. I am eight years old. We have three horses and their names are Noble and two Mauds; a colt, Charlie. I have one sister, aged thirteen. We go to school and on our way we pass the first Methodist Church in Upper Canada. LAWRENCE M.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Brothers and Sisters.

(Lily Rice Foxcroft, in the Boston 'Congregationalist.')

Life is to be passed among our contemporaries, our own generation. If we cannot live happily and usefully with them, we cannot be happy and useful at all. A boy's conduct towards his mother is often spoken of as if it were an indication of what his conduct towards his wife would be. His conduct towards his sister is far more significant, for in age and strength and general outlook on life there is more correspondence. Almost as soon as he can toddle he can be taught to wait on his sister, to carry her bundles, to run errands for her, to proffer her all sorts of small courtesies, while she, in her turn, can do numberless little feminine offices for him.

Families differ very much in the extent to which the boys and girls share each other's play. Outside circumstances, of course, have their influence, but the mother's tact and insistence—'authority' is obsolete, but 'insistence' will perhaps be allowed us for a few years yet—can effect a good deal. For little girls, especially, the companionship of a brother who lures to out-of-door pleasures at the age when the doll-house is almost too fascinating is very wholesome. Later, when tennis and golf, and croquet again, and wheeling, are inducements enough in themselves, mamma can see her girls set forth with a much lighter heart if their brother goes with them. In the choice of friends a brother of nearly the same age is of the greatest possible service to his sisters, and parents would often do well to pay more heed to the opinion which their boy has of his sisters' boy friends.

As to the matters of decorum, too—not the niceties of table etiquette, but the larger principles which have to do with amusements, escorts, evening hours, and the like—a boy is often a better judge than his sisters, because he hears more of that rude outside comment and criticism which proves the necessity for caution. Usage varies so much with the locality that parents are often at a loss to know what to sanction, but a boy's judgment is always pretty safe for his sisters to follow. And in the matter of dress—absurd as it seems—a brother's taste is often better than his sister's, especially when new, startling, and ultra masculine styles are in question. On all these delicate points—needless to say—it is the advice of one's own brother and not some other girl's brother that is really useful.

About school work, also, a boy may be of the greatest service to his sisters and they to him. Home tutoring, though it stands modestly in the background now-a-days, like most amateur work in the presence of professionalism, is still very useful, and one wonders that families of moderate means do not make more account of it. If there is any natural superiority of the masculine mind along any lines of study, the home is an excellent place for it to be displayed. As to reading, library statistics will bear the boys out in claiming a capacity to digest more of the solid and substantial than their sisters. A habit of sharing each other's books would be helpful to the girls. Here again, the advantage of equality in age shows itself—a girl is not ashamed to confess indifference to the sort of reading her father and mother enjoy, but she does feel some mortification if her taste is obviously inferior to her brother's.

A Priest in His House.

(H. C. K., in 'Congregationalist.')

Our pastor received a call one evening from a young man whose face he remembered to have seen in his Sunday congregation, but whose acquaintance he had not yet made.

'I have come to live in town,' said the young stranger, 'and have taken a seat in your church. I ventured to call now in consequence of a letter from home upon the desirability of joining the church.'

'By letter?' said the pastor.

'On profession of my faith,' was the reply.

The pastor was taken by surprise. With no associates, no appeals, no 'revival interest,' no spiritual drumming of any kind, as the pastor put it to himself, here was a young stranger asking to enter the church.

'Yes, yes,' he answered hurriedly; 'yes, yes, by all means. I see you have an excellent mother.'

'I have,' was the quiet reply.

'And her faithful letters are telling on you. That is right. That is right.'

'It is a letter from my father,' said the young man. 'We are a family of rough, overgrown boys. I am afraid poor mother would have made little headway with us. My older brothers united with the church before leaving home—they are noble Christian fellows.'.

'And are you a converted young man?' said the pastor hesitatingly.

'I have not much experience to speak of,' his visitor said, slowly, 'if that is what you mean. I was brought up in a Christian home. Father always talked to us as if we loved God. He always called us children of the church. The night before I left home father came to my room and said, "Arthur, shall we kneel down together and will you distinctly consecrate yourself to the Lord?" I did. It was a great help having father by my side. He seemed to seal my poor prayer by his great heart of prayer. I can't say whether I'm converted or not, but I feel certain,' he stopped, 'certain that I feel towards God as I feel about father—I want to do as he would like me to do above all things else.'

'You have a good father,' said the pastor, feelingly. 'He is a true priest in his house.'

'Oh, father, sir, he always helps us just where boys need help. We were always free to talk with him. If it had not been for father'—

We believe in such fathers, fathers who do not believe that providing for bodily wants embraces the whole duty of man, fathers who do not leave all counsel and correction of the children to mothers, who do not wait to be summoned in great discipline crises only, but whose wise and firm government control and bless every day. At the family altar, the daily meals, the evening hours, the ever-shifting scenes of work and play are the real opportunities for sowing the seeds of the kingdom of heaven in young hearts and exercising that spiritual husbandry which will nurse their growth and mature their fruit.

Indian Meal Pudding.

Sprinkle carefully one cup of Indian meal into one pint of hot milk; cook in a double boiler for about twenty minutes. Take from the fire. When partially cool, add a tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of four eggs, mix thoroughly; stir in the well-beaten whites of the eggs, turn into a baking-dish, and bake in a quick oven for thirty-five or forty minutes. Serve hot with liquid sauce. —'Ladies' Home Journal.'

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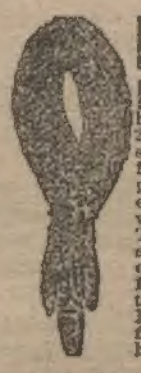

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